

RE-THINKING WHITE AUSTRALIA

DOWNER DOWN UNDER IN VICTORIA

Several hundred students from Melbourne and Monash Universities, Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology, and Swinburne Technical College were described by Mr. Menzies as 'yahoos', 'larrikins' and 'impostors', during attempts to make the White Australia Policy an election issue.

Students were members of "Student Action", an informal body set up for the sole purpose of forcing before the electors the fact that both major political parties are in fundamental agreement on Australia's present immigration laws. "Student Action" is controlled by a committee elected from the student population of Melbourne and Monash. Throughout the study vacation and during the exams plans were formulated in Melbourne University Union House.

The general outline of Student Action action during the election campaign, such as questions at rallies, posters, chanting and so on is fairly common knowledge. However, several incidents stand out. The first major project of S.A. was the welcoming of the two Malayan divers and Darwin newspaper editor Jim Bowditch, at Essendon Airport. A hundred students turned up notwithstanding the fact that it was five days before the annual examinations commenced.

DEMONSTRATIONS

Mr. Menzies' federal campaign speech at Kew Civic Hall was the scene of a demonstration. S.A. was particularly pleased with the publicity (any publicity is good publicity) which followed and claimed that one demonstrator was struck by former champion cyclist Mr. Opperman, the sitting member for Corio.

At Mr. Calwell's meeting, songs were performed outside and pamphlets were distributed. No demonstration occurred inside; but when Mr. Calwell announced his intention of implementing the Hasluck report on aborigines, students cheered and applauded for two minutes.

S.A. reports that the climate of the whole thing was all very sunny — even as far as the police were concerned — until Melbourne papers (in particular The Sun) printed reports that at a Downer meeting students "booed references to refugees from Communist countries". Then, according to our information, The Sun refused to print a

letter from S.A. correcting the above impression; a TV interview was cancelled "by higher officialdom" because it was allegedly too political; The Age denounced S.A. in an editorial; and the Vice-Chancellor at one stage apparently promised to investigate the organisation.

AIMS

What does S.A. hope to gain from all this activity, commendable as it may be in terms of enthusiasm and conviction? The avowed aims are discouraging: "In short, Student Action constitutes the shock troops of the anti-White Australia Policy forces . . . It is the function of S.A. to ensure that the issue cannot be forgotten . . ." (Farrago, Dec., 1961). Where do they go from here? Achieving Press space seems to be the main objective.

One unfortunate paragraph in a Farrago article by S.A. suggested "picketing the conferences of establishment stooges who (will) meet in Canberra in January pretending to be a Citizenship Convention." Nothing happened.



Melbourne Students protest fervently against the White Australia policy during the election campaign. A great day was had by all.

NEW STUDENTS KNOWN TO AUTHORITIES

Quite a number of the students around this University have records of one kind or another on files in the city. Several of the freshers are preceded by more satisfactory gen. Each of the ten individuals has secured one of the new National Undergraduate Scholarship awarded by the A.N.U.

Their arrival and subsequent progress will be ob-

served with particular interest not only by the administration but by a considerable number of the students. Over the past few years and particularly since the demise of the C.U.C., the University authorities have appeared increasingly anxious to improve the calibre of the annual intake of new students. With the N.U.S. holders this year, the trend

appears more markedly.

Of the ten successful candidates, four are from New South Wales, four from Queensland, one from Victoria, and one from Western Australia. Perhaps all surmises one might make on the basis of this information would be incorrect, but it has its interesting sidelights. All were highly successful in recent Leaving or equivalent exams. They were chosen from 278 applicants and hold scholarships tenable for four years, subject to satisfactory progress. For the Arts student is it a sign of the times that seven out of ten propose Science courses and three Arts? At least here will be the shot in the arm the Science students have appeared to need. No longer, it is hoped, will the lonely mathematician — the real mathematician, who is so often frustrated by the unavailability of conversation in his language — have to endure the dull but pleasant chatter of the casual get-in-and-out-quick-with-a-degree type. Maybe the change won't be immediately apparent, but the beginning has come.

In the coming year the plans for a Union building and a Students' Union will be going ahead. It is to be hoped that the 1962 intake of students — and in particular, perhaps, the higher quality students — will take a vigorously active part in student affairs, so that a firm nucleus may be formed, from which future Union members will be chosen — as graduates of the A.N.U.

STUDENTS AIMS QUESTIONED

The efforts of Student Action in Melbourne during the recent Federal election campaign were directed to "making the White Australian Policy an election issue", in other words to bring to the forefront the state of Australia's present immigration laws and to promote some re-thinking of the issues they involve.

By and large it seems they failed. The students succeeded only in drawing attention to themselves and the raison d'être of Student Action was ignored. The Student Action leaders have not revealed whether they regard this apathy as the product of a convinced commitment to the White Australia Policy in the minds of Australians, or whether this is apathy in its true sense and the Australian people have ceased to care whether we keep Australia white or not. If the latter, then Student Action is ready for dissolution here and now, especially if the assumption is correct that they act from higher motives than that of self-preservation.

Is the latter reason the correct one? I think that to a certain extent and in a special sense it is. The traditional reasons for the exclusion of coloured immigrants are no longer valid. They were, in the main, economic, and the primary reason was that which motivated the thriving young trade union movement at the time of Federation to support the Immigration Restriction Act, viz., that coloured immigrants would undercut the wages of Australian workers, causing unemployment and depressed living standards. The principles of the award wage, the 40-hour week and the

strength of the Trade Unions are by now sufficiently well established for Australians to feel confident that controlled immigration from Asia would be absorbed into the workforce with as little effect on the wage structure as has been caused by European migration. And if it is inevitable that the sick Joker's vision of Australia being run over by hordes of Asians invading from the north be proved true, then Australians have even less reason for caring about the state of their Immigration laws, for they will matter not one whit one way or the other.

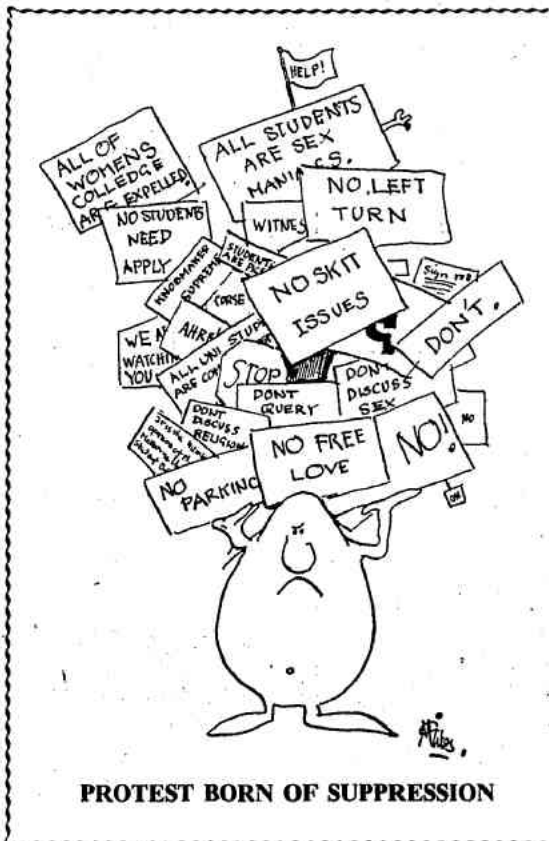
Are there other reasons for Australians caring about the colour of their immigrants? It is inevitable but unfortunate that Australia's immigration policy should be termed "White Australia", with all its implications for non-whites — implications that have been elaborated and expanded by the propagandists among the newly-independent nations to our north, whose people are ever more sensitive about their colour than about most things as they endeavour to assert themselves in a hostile world.

The White Australia Policy has thus become identified with the same prejudices, misunderstandings, fallacies and muddleheadedness that distinguish racial problems

everywhere. The Chinese were as guilty as any other great civilisations of arrogance to foreign peoples, but they were at least clear-minded enough to realise that it was not a man's colour or features that made him acceptable or otherwise. It was rather his manners, habits, cultures and religion, and if in these he conformed to the Chinese norm then he was acceptable to them.

This attitude has all the vices of cultural arrogance, but it does at least avoid the blind prejudices of most of the rest of the world, where colour brands a man as belonging to a particular civilisation and sharing all the characteristics, disliked and otherwise, of that civilisation. The members of Student Action seem as confused on this issue as everyone, as their poster "Mind that tan — they might deport you" so amply showed.

Australia's chief reason, therefore, for continuing to adhere to a policy of selective immigration is no longer economic or racial, but cultural. This is particularly true of religion for, while avoiding the pitfalls of cultural intolerance, we should have the wisdom to avoid mingling irreconcilable religions.



PROTEST BORN OF SUPPRESSION

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EDITORIAL COLUMN

To say "Welcome freshers!" would be somewhat pointless. The fresher system, on which this paper has seen some argument, should teach the freshmen that a general welcome is the prize for graduating from fresher to student. Some people remain freshers in at least one sense for four or five years of their university life. The barrage of abuse and degradation usually the stable diet for the fresher, should be and must for effect be self-administered. The aim of it all should be: "Fresher — Know Thyself!"

Much of the overseas universities' paraphernalia which loads the mail room addressed to this paper assures us that students throughout the world are a valuable revolutionary force... and so on. In theory at least, constructive power is commanded by the young and intelligent. Here, in a youthful, rural university the opportunity for the satisfactory release of energy is limited somewhat. A state of inertia is only concluded by the application of a new force. In too many cases that force which could be exerted remains potential.

In contrast with the older great institutions the academic and literary achievements of the staff rarely reflect on the university itself. This is understandable. At this stage one can scarcely expect them to be magnanimous with power. The student is, in essence, parasitic. It is the staff which form the bones of a university; the people who spend a few years "getting the degree" are not part of a university, however meritorious they may be as individuals.

And what, student, have we to offer in the way of environment? Nothing that will please or placate. In the first term, a Chemistry building will be completed, to join that of the Physics department thrown up last year. Soon our chemists will no longer belong to those tired groups of classes which tramp hither and yon in search of room in which to carry out their work. The buildings are new, but those who examine them closely will observe the trends. There is a lack of taste and wastage of landscape resources, partly due to economy measures. Buildings which remind one of biscuit tins or shoe boxes, with 'Economy' stamped on their back-sides: that's the picture. There is little appeal to taste in a dull, blank wall of the cheapest quality brick. (Observe the end of the Hayden - Allen building. And as you do, also notice the trouble taken with the printing of the name). In the Sydney University extensions, now in progress, the same dismal trends are clear. Sydney journalist Clive James, was moved to ask: University or power-house? We have our own boiler-room. Work may begin fairly soon on the new Union building. At this stage, the plans don't indicate that we are to emerge from the present impasse. But you may yet have a chance to suggest how YOU wish your Union building to look.

Orientation Week Good Time To Start PATTERNS OF PSYCHOSEXUAL INFANTILISM

"There comes a time in the affairs..." No, this is hardly a suitable beginning; but then "taken at the flood..." certainly does have application (and connotations) to university life. I still don't like it. Let's try again. University... intellectuals

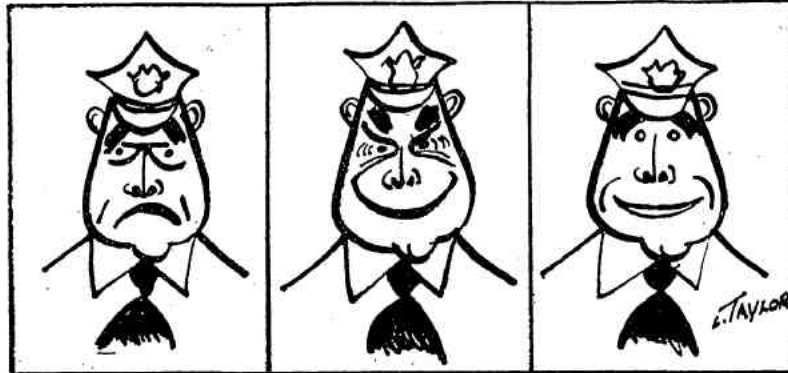
... must be something there. No... been used somewhere before. That's the trouble, it's all been said before. Must think of something though. Orientation Week. Ah — Spirit of the Week, the benefits of student life, balanced life, mustn't neglect academic work, but must take part in extra-curriculars,

Orientation Week good time to start: Make friends, enjoy life, go to the dance, but... trouble is everybody realises this, it's hardly original. But then Orientation Week really is worth while; good speakers, something different, sort of thing one will only find at university. This is no good though, I just can't seem to

get the idea across. Well, what can one write? Lectures? No, definitely not. Revue? No, that's best seen. Parties? ... at last, that's it. "At University you will find that life centres on the Common Room. There many enjoyable parties have been held" ... I don't know, sounds rather dull and the

parties aren't. Best not put people off by poor writing. Well, what can I write then? Religion, politics — that's it. Yes, they're in Orientation Week too! So I can't very well write about them. Oh well, it seems that everything is in Orientation Week. I'll write something some other time. Ed. Simon.

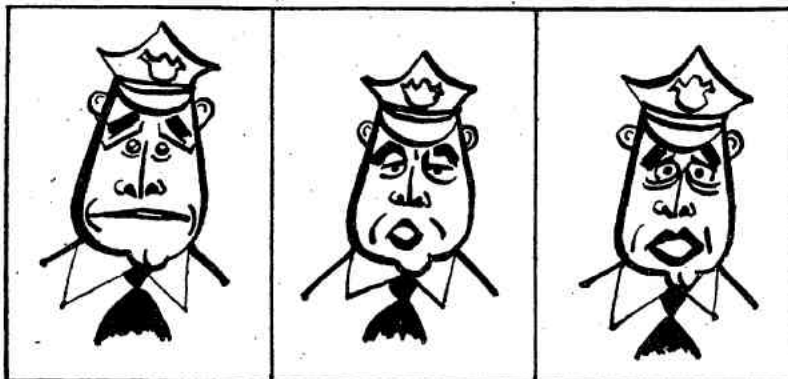
SARGE



I hate Uni vacations because ...

in term we are so busy ...

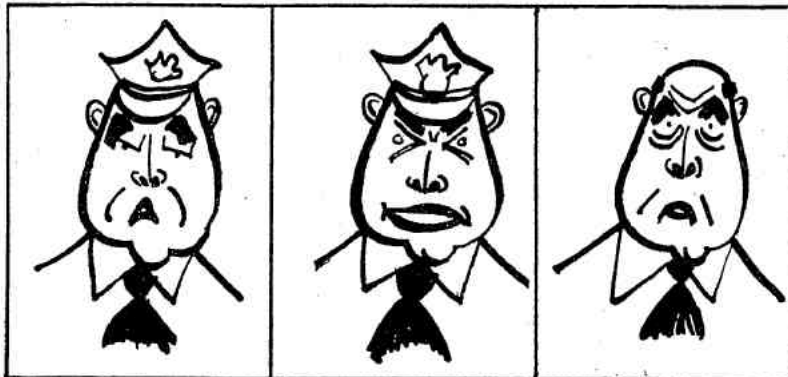
keeping the law



but now ...

I hear rumours ...

of new responsible



and law abiding students!

I hate violence!

What promotion chances now?

ORIENTAL STUDIES APPOINTMENT

Among the more important A.N.U. announcements during the vacation was that of the appointment of Dr. N. G. D. Malmqvist to a Chair of Chinese Language. Dr. Malmqvist was formerly senior lecturer in Chinese.

THE THEATRE GROUP

This year the Theatre Group is beginning its activities very early in first term, with the Orientation Week Revue. In other years this has been the responsibility of the S.R.C. as is the main revue at the end of first term. However, it is felt that the work needed for a little revue prevents the S.R.C. from directing their attention to the production of the main revue as early as they would wish.

For the first time, the Theatre Group feels that it has sufficient resources to produce this Revue, and it has therefore relieved the S.R.C. of the job.

The Group does not pretend that the Orientation Week Revue contains new scripts, or that it is even a complete show, but rather that it should be a sample of what University Revue is like, for the benefit of new students.

The S.R.C. will have more time and money on its hands for the main revue, and will be putting on a fullscale show which will probably run for about eight nights.

At the end of second term the Theatre Group presents a full-length play, which is rehearsed throughout second term. Last year "Noah" by Andre Obey, was produced, and this year it is hoped that "Twelfth Night" will be staged. This is subject to the approval of the new committee. Here there is a great need for new talent as the cast will be large, and includes many men, and the usual host of scene-shifters, lighting experts and several back-stage workers are necessary. Do not think that because you have had no experience you will be of no use, but come down and have a try, at the audition, for any part which interests you.

Last year's play had a cast of thirteen, six of whom were new to the University, and half of the people working backstage were also freshers. People are not cast according to their seniority in the University.

If you feel you do not have time to take part in a full-length production, and you will be under eighteen on April 1st, there is still an opportunity for you to take part in Theatre Group activities. It is intended to enter a one-act play in the National Eisteddfod, which takes place at the beginning of May. This is the first time the Group has entered a play in the under eighteen section, and to do this will need a cast composed almost entirely of freshers. Normally the Group's policy on this occasion is to give a student the chance to try producing a play, so if your interests lie in this direction an opportunity is open to you.

Although the Theatre Group cannot guarantee anyone a part in one of its plays, it is extremely unlikely that a willing person will find him or herself unable to help the Group at some stage during the year.

The Chair of Chinese Language was established to replace the Chair of Oriental Languages held by Professor Hans Bielenstein who resigned earlier this year in order to accept appointment to a Chair of Chinese at Columbia University, New York.

A graduate of the University of Stockholm, Professor Malmqvist studied in China for two years with the aid of a Rockefeller Foundation Scholarship. During 1951 he continued his postgraduate studies in Stockholm and London and spent a year in teaching Chinese language and literature at the University of Uppsala. He held a lectureship in Chinese at the School of Oriental and African Studies in the University of London from 1953 to 1955 and in the following year he became Interpreter and Cultural Attaché to the Royal Swedish Embassy in Peking. After a short appointment as visiting lecturer at the University of Lund, he came to Canberra in 1959 as senior lecturer in Chinese at C.U.C.

Professor Malmqvist's appointment to the Chair of Chinese Language comes at an important stage in the development of Oriental studies in Canberra. The School of Oriental Studies, at present a department of the Faculty of Arts, is shortly to become a Faculty of Oriental Studies. In the faculty students will be able to proceed to pass and honours Bachelors degrees and to higher degrees. The University will offer five Oriental Scholarships in 1962. The value of each Scholarship, which is tenable for four years, ranges from £300 to £500 per annum.

STOP! PRESS!

Pro Bono Publico Houso

For those part-time students who are members of the teaching profession, there exist excellent opportunities for learning the less publicised but excessively satisfying aspects of the art. Those who feel that this item is hinting at an organised attack on John Barleycorn should contact an agent within their own place of employment forthwith.

PRESIDENTIAL MAIL

Dear President Kennedy, — My daughter has asked me to type a letter of appreciation to you in recognition of your efforts to help in the rehabilitation of the unfortunate Freedom Riders. She was a little puzzled that you offered them no aid during the ride itself, but being none too friendly towards people with that kind of initiative myself, I think I can understand your motives. Anyways, your performance over Cuba should have set her on the right track. For, you see, she is a staunch member of the local branch of the Fidel Castro Club. You just can't win in the good old U.S.A., can you?

Yours,

Dalton Thumbo.

PROMETHEUS

Among the heap of staff contributions pouring in all the time there appear odd articles. Very odd articles. If you have any odd articles worthy of reproduction in this year's issue of PROMETHEUS, don't keep it a secret. You could have the thrilling experience of seeing your own brainchild alongside these academics you read about in MAD or The Canberra Times. Write now and tell us how clever you are.

REVUE

During this week you will be treated to a feast of talent on the stage of the A.N.U. hall. As you throw your eggs and offal and other marks of approbation, don't allow yourself to think that those clowns are a closed society. A more open-minded group it would be hard to find. Peter Simpson will be around the University quite a deal. Ask him about it. You budding revue stars will find a place in the coming production awaiting you. The whole thing will begin very shortly. It's a lot of fun in a warm, noisy sort of way.

ALL ON A SUMMERS DAY

by BOB SMITH

It was to be a real historical picnic — with the first busload just alighting, ready to devour, brick by brick the only open-air version of "Australian convict settlements".

The sole guided tour for the day had just set out when Mr. Trentham chugged up to the kiosk in an old model tourer, quite disturbed that he might have missed out on some history "in the raw". After all, he was something of an enthusiasts for delving into newspapers, old diaries and fragments, not to mention the pottering around ruins and graves — all this being part of an attempt to make up for the inadequacies of his night school education.

"Excuse me Ma'am," he politely enquired of the girl behind the kiosk counter, "where . . ."

"Just foller the loudspeaker," was the anticipatory reply, "yer can't go wrong, if yer just foller the . . ."

"Yes, yes, thank-you Ma'am," muttered Mr. Trentham, turning to scurry off. Any movement was checked, however, by words which had a distinctly cash register ring. "That'll be six bob for the guided tour and booklet, thank-you, sir."

Mr. Trentham placed six shillings on the new laminex counter and without waiting to watch the equally new register gobble it up he sped out the doorway and there — staring him in the ears, or so it seemed, was the whole mobile noise of jolly ruin-seekers meandering back over the hill towards historical spot number two.

What was the guide saying? Mr. Trentham could just make out the words from where he stood, — half-a-mile away.

"And here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the very same place — mentioned on page one of your easy "Guide to Penal Settlement" — this being, ladies and gentlemen, the first and largest and biggest powder magazine built by convict labour — built just like the pyramids in Egypt you know — eh — ha ha! Sweating and toiling — dragging stones up here — right where you're standing sir — with the sun beating on their brows and the whip beating on their backs. Yes, indeed, it was different in those days," sighed the guide after a significant pause.

"I suppose people have to earn a living soemhow," reflected Mr. Trentham as he caught up with the stragglers — a pair of old ladies limping in high heels across the turf.

"There he goes again" — the guide with never-ending voice. "The biggest hospital . . . no women in those days . . . not like today . . . people didn't need softness tehn — could do without women, eh?" — titters from a few of the women.

Mr. Trentham stifled a groan as he cast his mind back to some extracts he had read recently about primitive hospital conditions. But perhaps the guide could provide him with something in the way of local colour about the next historical spot? What was it? — Yes, historical spot number 4 — page 3 of the pamphlet guide: "Punishment." The more eager historians scrambled ahead with cameras at the ready to get a few quick "kills" while the less energetic prepared for the day's highlight by taking a quick peep at the paragraph on page 3: "Gaols in Australia." Mr. Trentham prepared himself by placing the greater part of the happy gathering between him and the portable loudspeaker.

With a stance that even a side-show promoter at the Royal Easter would have been proud to own, guide for the day relaxed his grip on the mike for a brief moment as he gave his lips a quick lick, squared his shoulders and launched into his oration on convict gaols.

"And now here, ladies and gentlemen, you see what is probably the principle attraction of the tour. No doubt you've all read about it — now you can see it with your own eyes — one of the few original gaols left in Australia — part of our great cultural 'eritage — a genuine piece of convict labour. And I'd ask you, ladies and gentlemen . . . (the guide's voice dropped here to a lower, more sentimental key as he carefully wiped a tear from his eyes and then pointed towards the dingy cell — the same cell as shown on all the postcards) . . . Yes, I'd ask you to cast your mind back to the days when a convict would be stationed within these four cramped walls — he would have been a poor human — of flesh and blood, just like you and me — sentenced for little or no reason to a life of misery . . . and right here, convicts would be fastened — sometimes by the neck, for regular floggings. Just imagine for yourself, ladies and gentlemen, the agonised screams, the whirl of the lash, the blood-soaked backs . . ."

Mr. Trentham traced through a gaping hole in the wall the flight of a Persil-white seagull—across the green lawns, across the blue bay. It hardly seemed possible!

"Yes, many a scream would echo out from these walls across the bay from . . ."

"Terrific, terrific," screamed one particularly bloody-minded urchin as he lashed the air with a horror comic as though in imitation of his ancestors.

But the story must go on . . . "Yes, as the saying is, ladies and gentlemen, there's no justice in this world — poor convicts — just imagine respectable people sentenced for the smallest offences."

Trentham left off watching seagulls as these last words skidded around the cell with a sickening din. What had the fellow just said? . . . No justice . . . respectable people . . .

Trentham's head began to spin. He could stand this no longer. He began to shout.

"But that's not the truth! It's not the whole story!"

"What do you think you are — a professor or something?" grated the voice of one hostile woman.

"Don't you want to tell your grandchildren about the convicts?" snapped another.

"Yes, yes, but not this way . . . I . . ." Mr. Trentham could say no more, the loud speaker, louder than truth itself, stifling all further talk.

"You can buy your specially selected colour slides at the kiosk. And now, are there any questions?"

Trentham's mouth jerked open. Now he would tell them about Australia's convicted angels. Not that anybody liked such an ancestry, but after all man himself was only an ascended ape. What a triumphant story Australia had to tell. But somehow his tongue stuck. His jaws snapped shut again.

The crowd moved on, a tongue-clicking swarm of cicadas. Trentham moved in the opposite direction. Perhaps his grandchild would listen. Yes . . . he would tell them differently!



HORSE PLAY

"I don't care what the people do, as long as they don't do it in the street and frighten the horses." So runs the saying attributed to King Edward the Seventh from which Alexander Macdonald drew the title of his recent book "Don't Frighten The Horses." (Lansdowne Press.

Alexander Macdonald's weekly column on the back page of the Sunday Telegraph is familiar to most, even if they have never actually bothered to read it. It is occasionally well worth the effort. For those who lack the enthusiasm to look up the back issues, and perhaps in order to earn a little cash for a trip to Europe, Mr. Macdonald has seen fit to have some of his better efforts published in book form. A kind of bedside Macdonald for the ennuist-struck insomniac who can't afford beside Esquire or Bed-time Stories from the Treasury of Ribaldry (or who thinks Mad a little de classe). For his brainwave Macdonald deserves commendation.

"We need more maniacs," John O'Grady commented in the introduction. Only those realists who concur with that remark need read the book. The author is indeed a rare phenomenon, and the life of many journalists in Australia in general and at his well-known Sydney club in particular have benefited from his presence. His is a quick and often caustic wit, a style of rhetorical back-chat directed at the myriads of stuffed shirts who form the sodden core of the Australian business and literary world. But this book has a broad appeal. He writes on such various topics as Making Friends, Form (?), Literature, Banking, People, Great Escapes, Eating, Drinking, and Travel.

Through most of these Macdonald succeeds in keeping the prose whipping along most delightfully. It took me four beers and a hamburger and an afternoon in a Parramatta Road hostelry to read it. But I keep it handy to brace myself when salesmen come to the door. But none of them seem to want it.

SMALL PLEASURES
Macdonald has a keen eye which would earn the envy of many undergraduate. In the chapter on Form one finds that long days at the typewriter with only a daily few beers and a zest for living, don't disqualify a person from draining a few dregs of joy where he finds them. Sample: "Cherie Desiree — who must rank with the paw paw as one of Queensland's most attractive exports — strolled around the stage, shedding diaphonous veils, until such time as there was a power failure."

No one would dare claim the infallibility of Macdonald or anything like that. On the whole the prose style compares most unfavourably with, say, a Metrecal ad, or Mees Encyclopaedia. But through the mess shines a wisdom pure and simple. There may even be a message for freshers: "We're just a bunch of wholesome, clean-minded kids, and if a little rubadubdub around the ears, occasionally, helps us to think clean, beautiful thoughts, who are we to kick?" Who indeed?—A. MACDONALD.

ZEN FOR YOUNG PLAYERS

Having tried over and over, during the vacation, to imagine the sound of one hand clapping, one of our staff correspondents discovered that that stuff was all nonsense. Feeling that a little metaphysic helps, he urred to this little quote from Suzuki. It is recommended that the little gem be cut out and pasted on a wall where you will see it often and draw strength:

Therefore, there is in Zen nothing to explain, nothing to teach, that will add to your knowledge. Unless it grows out of yourself no knowledge is really yours, it is only borrowed plumage.

With these words well fixed in your bamboo — pricked mind, commence this series of exercises. Write new ones for yourself when necessary:

Girls — do not think of the horrid Sumerian sow with the thousand piglets at one with her. Throw the rock away. Close the book. Don't ill-treat your soul.

Think of Zero. Not with an aim of solving a mathematical mystery. Think of nothing — nothing at all. That will bring you screaming out of the tunnel and having to take a brief breath before submerging — you'll find the impossible is always present. And that, scholar is something.

Think of Zero. And in a flash realise you are one. And firmly refuse to believe that all this is space-filling, so necessary when promised "Woroni" articles were not forthcoming.

PRE-NATAL PROMETHEUS PAINS
HERE IS A CHANCE FOR THE YOUNG LITERATI TO HAVE THEIR BAPTISM INTO LITERARY MIDWIFERY. WRITE NOW.

PROMETHEUS PROMETHEUS
PROMETHEUS PROMETHEUS

STAFF

This issue was produced by the efforts of the following:

Editor: Neil McPherson

Sub-Editor: Madeleine Penman

ALONE WE DID IT!

PLEASE SOMEBODY HELP . . .

ORIENTATION WEEK

SOUVENIR PROGRAMME



STAFF

IS STILL NEEDED FOR

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Articles also required

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ORIENTATION WEEK PROGRAMME, 1962

MONDAY —

- 2.00 p.m.: FACULTY WELCOMES —
Arts Hayden-Allen Lecture Theatre
Economics Childers Street Hall
Law Classroom E7
Science Physics Building Lecture Room
- 3.30 p.m.: AFTERNOON TEA Common Room
- 8.00 p.m.: OFFICIAL WELCOME Childers Street Hall
by the Vice-Chancellor, Principal of the School of General Studies, and President of the Students' Association.

SUPPER.

TUESDAY —

- 10.00 a.m.: "STRATEGIC WEAPONS" Hayden-Allen Lecture Theatre
Three speakers on how to fail exams.
How to Study Mr. Seagrim
Efficient Reading Mrs. Rose
The Library Mr. Graneek
- 12.45 p.m.: POLITICAL DEBATE Common Room
- 3.30 p.m.: AFTERNOON TEA Common Room
- 4.30 p.m.: REPRESENTATIVE JAZZ Common Room
Presented by Vic Gleeson.
- 8.00 p.m.: FILM EVENING Childers Street Hall
Programme —
"The Innocent Eye".
"The Mystery of Time".
"Biography of Mussolini".
"The Story of Serials" (History of The Motion Picture Series).
- 10.00 p.m.: SUPPER PARTY Common Room
Arranged by the Hockey Club. All welcome.

WEDNESDAY —

- 9.30 a.m.: MEETING Hayden-Allen Lecture Theatre
Of all persons holding Teachers' College Scholarships. Attendance is compulsory.
- 12.45 p.m.: GUEST SPEAKER Childers Street Hall
Professor Bart J. Bok, Director of Mt. Stromlo Observatory.
- 3.30 p.m.: AFTERNOON TEA Common Room
- 4.30 p.m.: NEWMAN SOCIETY MEETING Common Room
- 8.00 p.m.: REVUE AND ONE-ACT PLAY Childers Street Hall
Arranged by The Theatre Group.

THURSDAY —

- 10.00 a.m.: "PILGRIMAGE TO ETHOS & ORATION" Common Room
- 12.45 p.m.: DEBATE Common Room
"That it is good for a man to live alone".
Chairman Ron Fraser
- 2.00 p.m.: SYMPOSIUM on University Life Hayden-Allen Lecture Theatre
- 3.30 p.m.: AFTERNOON TEA Common Room
- 4.30 p.m.: A.L.P. CLUB MEETING Common Room
- 8.00 p.m.: FACULTY SOCIETY EVENING —
Economics Society Common Room
Law Society Senior Common Room
Science Society To be arranged

FRIDAY —

- 10.00 a.m.: MORALS SYMPOSIUM Common Room
Topics for discussion include Police Forces and Canberra.
- 3.30 p.m.: AFTERNOON TEA Common Room
- 4.30 p.m.: EVANGELICAL UNION MEETING To be arranged
- 8.00 p.m.: ORIENTATION WEEK DANCE Childers Street Hall
Music by the Capital Jazz Band.

SATURDAY —

- SPORTS DAY —
Watch Notice Boards for details.
Organiser Graeme Hargreaves
- 8.00 p.m.: COMMON ROOM PARTY.

SUNDAY —

- CHURCH SERVICES —
Anglican: St. John's 9.30 a.m. Holy Communion
Roman Catholic: St. Mary's 9.30 a.m. Mass
Details of other Church Services are printed in Saturday's "Canberra Times".

CHEMIST

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Advertising space may be purchased at the S.R.C. at very reasonable rates. Sundry ads and information will be printed in a variety of available formats. A large number of ads for the next issue (which will be printed in the very near future) will help the Editorial Staff plan a classified advertising section as a regular feature.
CONTACT THE S.R.C.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

In the next issue of this paper, a series of articles on the scene in Sydney theatrical and literary circles will begin. Our Sydney correspondent will present views and theories which will cause some controversy. This is unavoidable and, indeed desirable. The pity is that no one in the good old A.N.U. has felt the urge to reveal the bitter bones of Canberra theatre, etc. The Editor would welcome the application of any zealot who feels inclined to have a lash. It would be preferable that the applicant be a person who has written nothing so far, for this paper. A fresher would be particularly welcome to the task.

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MYSTERY QUOTATION

No. 1

With all the gold that silence gave
The growing wild are still the free
Born drummer boys of yesteryear
Whose solos, bridled in the air
Were waterfalls: alight with ice
Like mermaids, solid in the sea
Where deep auroras stand their hair
On end, and dead were lovely as alive.